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Poetry.

The Pledge.

BY JOHN PICKFORD.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Thou lips of birds thy brims may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er time roll,
And song and dance thy power confess,
I will not touch thee, for three things
A scepter to thy side that stings.

Thy crystal glass! like Eden's tree
Thy melted ruby tempts the eye,
And, as from that, there comes from thee
The voice, "thou shalt not surely die!"
I dare not lift thy liquid gem—
A snake is twisted round thy stem!

Thou liquid fire! like that which glowed
For Paul upon Malta's shore,
Thou'lt burn upon my guests bestroved;
But thou shalt warm my house no more,
For where'er thy radiant flames fall,
From thence thy heat, a viper crawls!

What thought of gold the goblet be,
Embowed with branches of the vine,
Beneath whose branches leaves we see
Such clusters as poured out the wine!
Among these leaves an adder hangs!
I fear him—not I've felt his fangs.

The Helms, who the desert trod,
And felt the fiery serpent's bite,
Looked up to the orb of God,
And said, "that life was in the sight!"
So the warm Helms they cry
Cool when he drinks what God ordains.

Ye gracious clouds! ye deep, cold wells!
Ye gems from mossy rocks that drip!
Springs that from earth's mystic cells
Gush o'er your granite basin's lip!
To you I look—your fountains give
And I will drink of you, and live.

A Word of Cheer.

Be firm and be faithful,
Desert not the right;
The brave heart's soldier,
The dapper knight;
Thou up and be doing,
Though onwards may fall,
Thy duty pursue,
Care all and prevail.

Parlor Reading.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

THE BEGGARS.

Anna and Willy were walking with their mother, one clear cold day, early in the new year. The shop windows were still full of elegant and attractive holiday goods, and the children lingered at various points along the street, to enjoy the display.

Anna had a sixpence, the last that remained of her Christmas and New Year's gifts, and she had promised herself some pleasure in spending it. She was a tender-hearted child. Suffering in others always awakened her sympathy, and made her desire its relief. Let me give an incident to illustrate her character.

Anna had been saving her money for some time previous to the holidays, and, in her little purse was over half a dollar. A few days before Christmas, a lady friend called upon her mother, who had engaged to go with her to a place called "Children's Home," where were gathered together some thirty or forty little children, from the babe of a few weeks old, to the boy and girl of nine or ten—little children whose parents were either dead, or too idle and vicious to rightly care for them. Here, they had warm rooms; comfortable food and clothing; kind nurses and careful teachers. This "Home" was provided by the true kindness of a few excellent ladies, who not only supported it with their money, but visited it regularly to see that their benevolent purposes were fully carried out.

Anna went with her mother to this Children's Home. How quickly was her heart touched by what she saw! There was a poor little motherless babe, not so old as her little sister Helen. It had large dark eyes, curly hair, and rosy cheeks, just like Helen's. When Anna bent down to kiss it, the tears blinded her to think that the babe had no kind mother to love and care for it.

"Mother," whispered Anna, as they were about going away.
"Well, dear! What is it?" asked her mother.
"Can't I give my half dollar to the Children's Home?"
"The half dollar you saved for Christmas?"
"Yes, mother. I've got it in my pocket; and if you'll let me, I'll give it to the Children's Home."

knew, entertained other purposes in regard to her money.
So Anna gave her half dollar to the poor motherless children; and she felt happier for what she had done, than if she had spent it in buying things to gratify herself.

Such was Anna, the little girl who was now walking with her mother and brother.
"O, look!" she cried, stopping suddenly, and catching hold of her mother's hand. "There's a poor woman and three little children. It's so cold, and they've got no home. Can't I give them my sixpence?"

"Just look at that unfeeling lady," said Willy, speaking with some indignation, and pointing across the street, where a lady, warmly clad, and with her hands protected by a muff, was passing the beggars without offering them a single penny.

"That is Mrs. L—," replied the mother; "and I know her, my son, to be any thing but an unfeeling woman."

"Why don't she offer the beggar a penny, then? I only wish I had some money. I'd give it to her very quick. Run over, sis, and give her your sixpence."

Now, Willy had spent every cent given to him during the holidays in buying things for his own use. He did not indulge at all in the luxury of benevolence.

"Mrs. L—," replied the mother, "may not think it true charity to encourage women to sit, with their poor little children, in the cold all day, begging for pennies, instead of trying to support them by useful work."

"Ah, but mother," spoke up Willy, quickly, "suppose they can't get work to do?"

"Then don't you think it would be better for them to go, with their children, to the Alms House, where they would have warm rooms to stay in, good food to eat, and comfortable clothes to wear—and where they would be required to do something useful? Idleness and beggary are next-door neighbors to vice."

"Can't I give her my sixpence?" urged Anna, whose heart was too full of sorrow for the little children, all exposed to the cold, to feel the force of what her mother said.

"Certainly, dear, if you wish to do so. The money is your own," was replied.

So Anna ran across the street, and placed her sixpence in the woman's hand. When she returned, she looked thoughtful. But little was said by her on her way home. That evening as she sat alone with her mother—Willy and the other children were playing in the nursery—she said:

"I don't think that beggar woman was a good woman, mother."
"Why not, dear?" was the natural inquiry.
"I can't tell," said Anna—"but when she looked into my face, I felt afraid. O! I'm so glad she is not my mother. I'm sure she is not good to her children. Poor little things! I wish they were in the Children's Home. They would be so much better off."

"There is no doubt of that, my child." And the baby, mother. O! it had such a strange look. Its cheeks were red and shining, and its eyes were half closed. It did not look as if it was asleep; and yet it wasn't awake. What could have ailed it, mother?

"Beggar women," replied the mother, "often give their babes large doses of laudanum, or preparations for this deleterious drug, to keep them quiet, while they sit idly in the street."

"Does it hurt them, mother?"
"It makes them stupid and insensible for a few hours; and also destroys their health. If it does not cause their death, it lays the foundation for wretchedness in the future."

"Had the babe I speak of taken laudanum?"
"I should think so from what you say," replied the mother.

"O dear! isn't it dreadful, mother? Why don't they take the poor little children away from such bad women, and put them into the Children's Home? It would be so much better."

"I would hardly like to say no, my child," replied the mother thoughtfully. "And yet, I very much doubt it, in this country, any but the idle or vicious become beggars. To give to such, you can easily see would be no charity; for that would only encourage them in their evil ways."

"I'm sorry I gave that woman my sixpence," said Anna, after looking serious for some time.
"Don't say that, my dear," returned her mother, smiling—"your act was an unselfish one; you wished to help the needy. There was a good impulse in your heart. Ever cherish such impulses. They come to you from God, who clothes the naked, and feeds the hungry. But, we should be wise, Anna, as well as good."

"Wise! O yes; I understand you, mother. We should know whether our alms will really do good, before we make them."

"Yes, love. That is what I mean. If we give to the idle and vicious, we do them really more harm than good—for we furnish them with the means of continuing in idleness and vice."

"I can understand that, mother, very well. I wonder I never thought of it myself."

"Many grown people, Anna, are no wiser in this respect than you have been. There are others again, who make the vice of beggary the plea for not giving at all—who push aside every applicant for aid, without even an inquiry into his circumstances. This, you see, is falling into error on the other side. The true spirit, is a willingness to help those in need to the best of our ability. When this is felt, there will be no lack of opportunity."

"Nor, in giving, need we ever be in much doubt. You were in none when you gave your half dollar to help the Children's Home."

Collamer and the Brandy Drinker.
The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Chronicle says:

Judge Collamer, the able and efficient Postmaster General, has adopted a rule by which he is governed in the bestowment of office in his department, which will exclude not only confirmed drunkards, but moderate dram-drinkers. He has, I understand, very wisely determined to confer office upon no one who is known to indulge in his "cups." Connected with the enforcement of this rule, a friend related to me the other day, a scene which occurred at Judge C's room, of a very amusing character. It appears that an applicant for the office of Postmaster somewhere out west, called on the Postmaster General at his quarters, and presented his papers, setting forth his claims to the office sought. The Judge scrutinized him for a moment, and then very coolly remarked: "You drink whiskey, sir, I believe?"

"The unfortunate applicant, construing this remark into an invitation to quaff a glass with the Postmaster General, replied: "No, I thank you, Judge; I prefer brandy and water."

"I settled his case—his papers were returned to him, and he was told that his application was duly considered and rejected. If this rule was also enforced in respect to stage drivers on the various mail routes, we would have fewer accidents and not so many mail failures; and it is to be hoped that as Judge Collamer has commenced the work of Temperance reform in his Department, the chiefs of other Departments will follow his example. What a beautiful moral spectacle it would present to the world! To see all in power in this model Republic, from the President down to the humblest subordinate, free from the blighting effects of the intoxicating bowl—their influence given to this great moral reform now at work in the land! Happy consummation—devoutly to be wished!"

John B. Gough.
This gentleman is at present in New England, laboring with his usual success in the cause of temperance. Wherever he goes, large crowds flock to hear him, and multitudes go away resolved to forsake their cups. We had the pleasure of listening to this distinguished lecturer a few evenings since, and we were surprised at his astonishing power over the audience. There were, probably, fifteen hundred persons present, and they seemed perfectly under his control. His eloquence, at times, was overwhelming, creating an outburst of emotion throughout the audience. The effects of temperance was the theme, and never did we hear them portrayed in more truthful and glowing colors. We wondered how any one could continue in the traffic or use of intoxicating drinks, after listening to such a lecture.

Mr. Gough lectured in the Tremont Temple, Boston, on Sabbath evening, which was his one hundred and ninety-sixth lecture on temperance delivered in the city. The congregation was large, and listened to the eloquent speaker with great interest. His address was over an hour in length, and was unusually eloquent and powerful.—Boston Correspondent Christian Advocate.

OLD MOSES.

Mr. B. was a merchant in Baltimore, and did a very heavy business, especially in grain. One morning as he was passing over the vessels that lay at the wharf with their various commodities for sale, he stepped upon the deck of one, at the stern of which he saw a negro man sitting, whose dejected countenance gave sure indication of distress; and he accosted him with—

"Hey! my man, what is the matter with you this morning?"

The negro lifted his eyes, and looking at Mr. B. replied—
"Ah, massa, I'm in great trouble."

"What about?"
"Kase I've fatch up here to be sold."

"What for? What have you been doing?—Have you been stealing, or did you run away or what?"

"No, no, massa, none o' that; it's becase I didn't mind de sades."

"What kind of sades?"
"Oh, sah, not dat nother."

"You are the strangest nigger I have seen for a week. I can get no satisfaction from you. If you would not like to be pitched overboard, you had better tell me what you did."

"Pleaze, massa, don't frow de poor 'flicted sades in de watta."

"Then tell me directly what you are to be sold for."

"For prayin', sah."

"For praying? That is a very strange tale indeed. Will your master not permit you to pray?"

"O, yes, sah, he let me pray any, but I holters too loud."

"And why did you halloo so in your prayer?"
"Kase de Spirit comes den, and I gets happy fore I knows it; den I goner, can't trol myself den; den I know nothin bout massa's rules den I bolter if ole Satan himself come, wid all de rules of de 'quisition."

"And do you suppose your master will really sell you for that?"

"Oh, yes, he help me now; all de men in de world couldn't help me now; kase when Massa William say one ting, he nebber do any oder."

"What is your name?"
"Moses, sah."

"What is your master's name?"
"Massa name Colonel William C."

"Where does he live?"
"Down on de Eastin Shoah."

"Is he a good master?" Does he treat you well?"

"Oh, yes, Massa William good—no better massa in de world."

"Stand up and let me look at you."

And Moses stood up, and presented a robust frame; and as Mr. B. stripped up his sleeves, his arm gave evidence of unusual muscular strength.

"Where is your master?"
"Yanner he is, jis comin to de warf."

"What is your master's shore, he heard Moses give a heavy sigh, followed by a deep groan. Moses was not at all pleased with the present phase of affairs. He was strongly impressed with the idea that B. was a trader, and intended to buy him; and it was this that made him so unwilling to communicate to Mr. B. the desired information. Mr. B. reached the wharf just as Colonel C. did. He introduced himself and said—

"I understand you wish to sell that negro man on board the schooner."

Col. C. replied that he did.
"What do you ask for him?"
"I expect to get seven hundred dollars."

"Is he healthy?"
"About thirty."

"Is he healthy?"
"Very; he never had any sickness in his life, except one or two spells of the ague."

"Is he hearty?"
"Yes, sir, he will eat as much as any man ought, and it will do him as much good."

"Is he a good hand?"
"Yes, sir, he is the best hand on my place. He is steady, honest and industrious. He has been my foreman for the last ten years, and a more trusty negro I never knew."

"Why do you wish to sell him?"
"Because he disobeyed my orders. As I said, he is my foreman; and that he might be available at any moment I want him; I built his quarter within a hundred yards of my own house, and I have never rung the bell at any time in the night or morning, that his horn did not answer in five minutes after. But, two years ago, he got religion, and commenced what he terms family prayer—that is, prayer in his quarter every night and morning; and when he began his prayer, it was impossible to tell when he would stop, especially if (as he termed it) he got happy. Then he would sing and pray and halloo for an hour or two together, so that you might hear him a mile off. And he would pray for me, and my wife and children, and our whole family connection to the third generation, and, sometimes, when we would have visitors, Moses' prayers would interrupt the conversation and destroy the enjoyment of the whole company. The women would cry, and I would set me almost frantic; and even after I retired, it would sometimes be nearly daylight before I could go to sleep, for it appeared to me that I could hear Moses pray for three hours after he had finished. I bore it as long as I could, and then forbade his praying so loud any more. Moses promised obedience, but he soon transgressed; and my rule is never to whip, but whenever a negro proves incorrigible, I sell him. This keeps them in better subjection, and is less trouble than whipping. I pardoned Moses twice for disobedience in praying so loud, but the third time I knew I must sell him, or every negro on the farm would soon be perfectly regardless of all my orders."

"You spoke of Moses' quarters; I suppose from that, he has a family?"
"Yes, he has a woman, and three children—

or six. I suppose he calls her now; for soon after he got religion, he asked me if they might be married, and I presume they were."

"What will you take for her and the children?"
"If you want them for your own use, I will take seven hundred dollars; but I shall not sell them to go out of the State."

"I wish them all for my own use, and will give you fourteen hundred dollars."

They both went to B's store, drew up the writings, and closed the sale, after which they retired to vessel, and Mr. B., approaching the negro, who sat with his eyes fixed upon the deck, seemingly wrapt in meditation of the most awful forebodings, saying—

"Well, Moses, I have bought you."

Moses made a very low bow, and every muscle of his face worked with emotion as he replied—

"Is you massa? What is I gwine, massa? Is I gwine to George?"

"No," said Mr. B., "I am a merchant man in the city; yonder is my store. I want you to attend on the store; and I have purchased your wife and children, too, that you may not be separated."

"Hew God for dat! And Massa, kin I go to meetin sometimes?"

"Yes, Moses, you can go to church three times on the Sabbath, and every night in the week; and you pray as often as you choose, and as loud as you choose, and as long you choose, and get as happy as you choose; and every time you pray, whether it be at home or in church, I want you to pray for me, my wife, and all my children, and single-handed, too; for if you are a good man, your prayers will do us no harm, and we need them very much; and if you wish to, you may pray for everybody of the name of B. in the State of Maryland. It will not injure them."

While Mr. B. was dealing out these privileges to Moses, the negro's eyes danced in their sockets, and his full heart laughed outright for gladness, exposing two rows of even, clean ivory as any African can boast; and his heart's response was, "Bress God! bress God all de time, and bress you, too, massa! Moses neber tinks bout he gwine to have all dese commodidies; dis make tink bout Joseph in de Egypt."

And after Moses had poured a few blessings on Colonel C., and bidding him a warm adieu, and requesting him to give his love and farewell to his mistress, the children and the servants, he followed B. to the store, to enter upon the functions of his new office.

The return of the schooner brought Moses his wife and children.

Early the next spring, as Mr. B. was one day standing at the store door, he saw a man leap upon the wharf from the deck of a vessel, and walk hurriedly toward the store. He soon recognized him, and upon the Colonel's inquiry after Moses, Mr. B. replied that he was up stairs measuring grain, and invited him to walk up and see him. Soon Mr. B.'s attention was attracted by a very confused noise above. He listened, and heard an unusual shuffling of feet, and some one talking very hurriedly, and when he looked upon Colonel C.'s singular movements and the peculiar expression of his countenance, he became alarmed and determined to go up and see what was transpiring.

When he reached the head of the stairs, he was startled by seeing Moses in the middle of the floor, down upon one knee, with his arms outstretched, and talking very rapidly, while the Colonel stood weeping audibly. So soon as the Colonel could sufficiently control his feelings, he told Mr. B. that he had never been able to free himself from the influence of Moses' prayers, and that during the past year he and his wife, and all his children had been converted to God.

Moses responded—
"Bress God, Massa C., doe I is way up hea, I neber forgit you in my prayers; I ollers put de ole massa side de new one. Bress God! dis make Moses tink bout Joseph in de Egypt!"

The Colonel then stated to Mr. B. that his object in coming to Baltimore was to buy Moses and his family back again. But Mr. B. assured him that that was out of the question, for he could not part with him, and he intended to manumit Moses and his wife at forty, and his children at thirty-five years of age.

Moses was not far wrong in his reference to Joseph. For when Joseph was sold into Egypt, God overruled it to his good, and he obtained blessings that were far beyond his expectations, so with Moses. Joseph eventually proved the instrument of saving the lives of those who sold him. Moses proved the instrument in God's hands of saving the man's soul who sold him. Old Moses is still living and doing well. He long since obtained his freedom, and at present occupies a comfortable house of his own; and I suppose sings and prays and shouts to his heart's content.

THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.—A writer who lived for several years on the western coast says a state of civilization exists among some of the tribes such as has not been suspected hitherto by those who have judged only from accounts given of the tribes with which travellers have come in contact. They cannot be regarded as savages, having organized townships, fixed habitations, with regular defences about their cities, engaging in agriculture, and the manufacture of cotton cloth for clothing, which they ornament with handsome dyes of native production, and exhibiting handicraft in their conversion of iron and precious metals into articles of use and ornament. The merchants entrust their goods to the care of native traders in various parts of the country, stored in huts, without protection, yet preserved in safety, acts of robbery being very rare. Native traders are held in high respect, especially if wealthy, and in some cases whole tribes engage in the business of itinerant traders, no impediment being offered to them even among nations where a state of war exists.—Boston Post.

ET A candidate for medical honors having thrown himself almost into a fever from his incapacity to answer the questions, was asked by one of the Professors, "How would you sweat a patient for the rheumatism?" He replied, "I would send him here to be examined."

COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.—Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider break his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not if a trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eye on Heaven with God's promises, a man or child may be cheerful.

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst, firewood that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set the house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little, great things are completed and so repeated kindness will soften the heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way every where. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your hands and hearts full of good thoughts that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.—If the following from the London Times, be true, our geological correctors of Moses' cosmogony will have need to correct some of their dates, to say the least.

Professor Gorini, who is professor of natural history at the University of Lodi, made recently, before a circle of private friends, a remarkable experiment illustrative of his theory as to the formation of mountains. He melted some substances, known, only to himself, in a vessel and allowed the liquid to cool. At first it presents an even surface, but a portion continues to ooze up from beneath, and gradually elevations are formed, until at length ranges and chains of hills are formed, exactly corresponding in shape to those which are found on the earth. Even to the stratification the resemblance is complete, and M. Gorini can produce on a small scale the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes. He contends, therefore, that the inequalities on the face of the globe are the result of certain materials, first reduced by the application of heat to a liquid state, and then allowed gradually to consolidate.

PRIVILEGED MEMBERS.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Independent, writing from Washington, tells the following anecdote of a minister who was not acquainted with the ways of the Capital:

"A gentleman on a visit here, and anxious to listen to the debates, opened, very coolly, one of the doors of the Senate and was about to pass in when the door-keeper asked, 'Are you a privileged member?'"

"What do you mean by such a man?" asked the stranger.

The reply was a Governor, an ex-member of Congress, or a foreign minister.
"I am a minister," said the stranger.
"From what court or country, if you please?" asked the officer.

(Very gravely pointing up)—"From the court of heaven, sir."

To this our door-keeper waggedly remarked, "This government at present holds no intercourse with that foreign power!"

HOUSEHOLD MEASURES.—As all families are not provided with scales and weight referring to ingredients in general use by every housewife the following may be useful:

Wheat flour, one pound is one quart.
Indian meal, one pound two ounces is one quart.

Butter, when soft one pound one ounce is one quart.
Lard sugar, broken, one pound is one quart.
White sugar, powdered, one pound one ounce is one quart.

Best brown sugar, one pound two ounces is one quart.
Eggs, average size, ten eggs are one pound.
Sixteen large table-spoonsful are half a pint, eight are one gill, four half a gill, &c.

How to CURE A COLIC.—Of all other means of curing colic, fasting is the most effectual. Let whoever has a cold eat nothing whatever for two days, and his cold will be gone, provided he is not confined to bed, because by taking no carbon into the system by food, but consuming that surplus which caused his disease by breath, he soon carries off the disease by removing the cause. This will be found more effectual if he adds copious water drinking to protracted fasting. By the time a person has fasted one day and night, he will experience a freedom from pain, and a cheerfulness of mind in a delightful contrast with that mental stupor and physical pain caused by colic. And how infinitely better is this method of breaking up colic than medicine.

MATRIMONY AND SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.—Matrimony—Hot buckwheat cakes—warm beds—comfortable slippers—smoking coffee—round arms—red lips—[then]—etc., etc.—shirts exulting in buttons—endowed stockings—boot jacks—happiness, &c.

Single Blessedness—Sheet iron quilts—blue noses—frosty rooms—ice in the pitcher—unregenerated liars—heelless socks—coffee sweetened with ice-cream—guinea percha biscuits—flabby steak—dull razors—corns, coughs and cholera—shubert—slopes—misery, &c. Ugh!

The Baptist State Convention of Mississippi has resolved to raise \$100,000 for endowing a college in that State.